Eng. Poetry vol 26.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE BEE and the SPIDER, A TALE.

[Price Four-Pence.]

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His quidam ſignis, atque hæc exempla ſequuti,
Eſſe Apibus partem divinæ mentis, & hauſtus
Æthereos dixere ——— VIRG. GEOR. L. IV.

A bawdy thing.

To which are Added,

The THIRTY MARKS *of a* FINE WOMAN.

From the Latin *of* Franciſcus Cornigerus.

The SECOND EDITION.

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Novemb.

THE

ADVENTURE

OF THE

Bee and the Spider.

A

TALE.

THE BEE *and the* SPIDER.

A TALE.

I.

IN Days of Yore, when Beaſts could ſpeak,
And Trees confabulate;
When Crows and Magpies politick,
Settled Affairs of State:

II.

In Country-Hall, on Cobweb fine,
There liv'd a lonely SPIDER;
Happy! unleſs for ABIGAL,
Or Story has bely'd her.

III.

Who daily prying round the Hall,
With Broom, unlucky, bruſh'd her;
And oftentimes, with Rubbing-Clout,
Was likely to have cruſh'd her.

IV.

ARACHNE thus perpetually
Being kept in Fear of Body,
Reſolv'd to change her Dwelling-Place,
And leave the ſtately Lobby.

V.

ne Day, when all were gone to Church,
But Cook-Maid in the Kitchen;
o *take Occaſion by the Lock,*
She had a wond'rous Itching.

VI.

t length, with Reſolution bent,
No Circumſtance to hinder,
he ſlily ſlips adown her Web,
And drops into the Window.

VII.

rom thence to Floor as nimbly gets,
As if ſhe had a Ladder,
hen croſs the Pavement, out o' Doors;
No Mortal could be gladder!

VIII. She

VIII.

She lightly mov'd from Flow'r to Flow'r,
I' th' next adjoining Garden:
There met a Venerable BEE;
Grave Sir, ſaid ſhe, ——Your Pardon!

IX.

Baniſh'd from yonder ſpacious Hall,
By cruel Clout and Beſom;
Which as our hapleſs Off-ſpring fall,
Moſt certainly will ſqueeze 'em.

X.

To ſeek New Lodgings I am come
Amongſt theſe fragrant Flow'rs:
Cou'd you commend a ſafer Home,
I'd be for ever Yours.

XI.

his ſaid, (… BEE and SPIDER in)
The Flower ſoon was cropt,
nd into C… Boſom fair
Immedi…tely …opt.

XII.

r ſhe, with nimble haſte, had run
From hearing tedious Vicar,
d tripping thro' the Garden, took
This pretty Flow'r to deck her.

XIII.

e SPIDER, fearful of th' Event,
And much in Flow'rs a Stranger,
h trembling Voice, ask'd Mr. BEE,
f there was any Danger?

XIV.

Hiſt! ſays the BEE; Don't ma[illegible]
We're got in Beauty's Shade:
Take a good Heart! ——B[illegible]'d by me,
And you're for ever ma[illegible]

XV.

I've heard theſe Creatures Women, call'd,
The Beſt of Nature's Work;
Commend a Lady's Shape before
The Turban of a *Turk*.

XVI.

I've heard 'em oft in Whiſpers, too,
To make a horrid Pother,
Of Something hidden Underneath,
Excelling all the other.

XVII.

XVII.

...Way, I'll go *this*,
...k the Golden Mine;
...d when we meet again, we'll tell
The Rarities we find.

XVIII.

down her Breaſt the BEE ſlipt firſt,
And down her Back the SPIDER.
ARACHNE found a Wide Hole out;
The BEE found One much Wider.

XIX.

...ch boldly enter'd. ——Happy! ſure;
And bid Adieu all Sorrow.
...ey made their Lodging there that Night,
And met again the Morrow.

XX.

But Sadneſs ſat in both their Look,
Which ſhew'd they were not pleas'd:
The SPIDER painted Yellow was;
The BEE all over greas'd.

XXI.

At length ARACHNE Silence broke,
And thus, with ſad Complaint,
Inform'd the over-curious BEE,
The Reaſon of her Paint.

XXII.

In yonder Cavern, where I went,
The Air unwholeſome is:
Thunder, and Storms, and Vapours thick,
Are all the Rarities.

XXIII.

of Mud, not Waters, glib,
Th[illegible] various Turns, find way,
nd paint whate'er they come a-near,
The Colour of their Clay.

XXIV.

The BEE, with great Attention, heard
The SPIDER's mournful Tale;
And now began his own Ill-Luck
Thus ſadly to bewail.

XXV.

Juſt at the Foot of yonder Hill,
A pleaſant Cave is ſeen:
The gentle Moſs grows round the Mouth,
Tho' often enter'd in.

XXVI.

In this I thought immediately,
Man's Happineſs was plac'd;
And Happy! cry'd——Thrice Happy Cave!
With ſo much Beauty grac'd.

XXVII.

With Joy I did the Grot approach,
And, eager, enter'd in:
Reſolving there to reſt that Night,
And ſee what lay within.

XXVIII.

With Admiration, I beheld
The Symmetry of Parts:
And ſaw how Nature had excell'd
The Beſt of Humane Arts.

XXIX. But,

XXIX.

t, ſure, for Curioſity
None ever paid ſo dear,
s I, poor miſerable Bee!
Had like t' have paid for't here.

XXX.

r Sleep but juſt had clos'd mine Eyes,
hen, lo! a briny Torrent,
ad not I cling'd unto a Rock,
Had forc'd me with the Current.

XXXI.

ut this went over, like a Storm;
All calm again was grown:
ay'd me down in Peace, and thought
The reſt o' th' Night my own.

XXXII. When,

XXXII.

When, ſuddenly, a Monſter came,
With Face like Full-Moon red;
And (tho' with Difficulty, ſure)
Thruſt in his flaming Head:

XXXIII.

His Body after, furiouſly,
In ſpite of Oppoſition.
I trembled, and, with heavy Sighs,
Bewail'd my ſad Condition.

XXXIV.

From Corner unto Corner run;
But ſtill the Monſter found me;
And having forc'd me into one,
Indeed, he almoſt drown'd me!

XXXV. Wit

XXXV.

th Wrath and Indignation ſtung,
He ſtrutted fierce and ſtrong:
ſpit his Venom in my Face,
And kn[illegible] along.

XXXVI.

meared by this Torrent vaſt,
Of Subſtance thick and ſlimy,
r a while had loſt my Sight,
And nothing had to dry me.

XXXVII.

length I clear'd my Eyes, and ſaw
This mighty Monſter dwindle:
Fury ceas'd, his Bulk decreas'd
To th' Smallneſs of a Spindle.

XXXVIII.

Away he ſneak'd, as in Diſgrace,
Aſham'd of what he'ad done:
For fear of greater Dangers, I
Took up my Heels, and run.

XXXIX.

And thus, while in another World,
We ſought a Place to ſleep in;
Both Thou and I, my honeſt Friend,
Have *dearly paid for Peeping.*

XL.

But ſee th' uncertain Fate of Things!
The Worſt was yet to come:
While they their mournful Tales recount,
They meet their Final Doom.

XLI.

or CÆLIA waking, on her Thighs
Thought ſhe felt ſomething crawl,
ſeiz'd the SPIDER and the BEE,
And made an End of All.

THE THIRTY MARKS OF A FINE WOMAN

From the Latin *of* Franciscus Cornigerus

Triginta hæc habeat Fœmina, &c.

THIRTY ſure Marks point out each beauteous Fair;
Such *HELEN* had, as Hiſtories declare:

ee *White*, Three *Black*, Three *Red*, the Maid
must have;
ee *Long*, Three *Short*, if ſhe'll her Credit ſave:
ee *Thick*, Three *Thin*, Three *Straight*, and eke
Three *Large*;
ree *Little* too, if ſhe'll her Part diſcharge.

White Skin, *White* Teeth, and *very Flaxen* Hair.
Eye-Lids, Eyes, and Scut, may *Black* appear.
Lips, her Palm, her Nails, a *bluſhing Red*.
Hands, *Long* Hair, and *Taper* Shape, 'tis ſaid.
Ears, *Short* Teeth, *Short* Feet. Her lovely
Breaſt
d Buttocks *broad*; her Eye-Lids as the reſt.
all in the Waſte, a *ſtraight* Mouth, and a Place;
Two both *tight* and *plump*, will do her Grace.

Her

Her Fingers, Hair and Lips, all [illegible]

Her Noſe, her Bubbies, and her Head [illegible] Mine

If *Little* each. If *Large*, let 'em be Thine.

WOMEN

OMEN's VERTUE.

HILLIS, fond of *Reputation*,
That dull Idol of the Fair,
denies ay Recreation,
elling me, *Her Vertue's dear!*

e's a Thing that *may* be known;
ut rarely to the *Young* and *Fair*:
ave the *Old* and *Ugly* own
iſlike of Joys they cannot ſhare.

Young and *Witty* ſhould be *Free*,
njoy the Bleſſings Nature grants:
Firſt Deſigns of *Liberty*,
re ever to ſupply our *Wants*.

Shame,

Shame, my Dear, 's a fooliſh Cap[illegible]
Which we ſee the *Wiſe* diſdain:
Modeſty proceeds from *Vapours*,
Which offend and hurt the Brain.

Why d'ye thus *diſtruſt* your Charms?
Or think my Flames can e'er decay?
Freedom will make me, in *Your* Arms,
For Ever *Young*, for Ever *Gay*.

Conſtraint would ſo depreſs my Fire,
That ſoon 'twould ceaſe to blaze or burn;
And can your Eyes with Heat inſpire
An *empty* and *extinguiſh'd* Urn?

Urge then the Wiles of Prieſts no more,
Which muſt a *Lover* cloy;
Nor hate the Thoughts of turning *Whore*,
Before you know the Joy.

F I N I S.